

WESTERN MONTANA...

The Western Montana Bureau of the Standard is at Room 6, Daily Block, Missoula. Telephone No. 25. Advertising rates furnished on application.

TO THE COPPER CITY

Trotters and Runners on the Road to the Driving Park.

SOME OF THE BIG STABLES

Coming From Portland—Some Not in the Best of Form, But Most of Them Jim Dandies From the Ground Up.

Missoula, July 21.—Another carload of race horses from Portland came in at noon today, en route to the Anaconda races. The flyers were unloaded here and are resting in comfortable box stalls this afternoon. There are 14 in the lot and they comprise the Sullivan stable, including Little B. Sweetbriar and other well-known fast ones. They will spend the night here and will leave at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning for the Copper City. They are a fine lot of animals and, aside from being travel worn by their long ride, are in splendid form.

Trainer McGowan's string have fully recovered from their trip from the coast and will probably be in their quarters at the Anaconda track. Delbert was not exactly right at Portland, but seems to be in good condition now and ought to repeat at Anaconda his fine performance of last year. The others of this stable are in good form and will probably be heard from next month, when Davy O'Connor issues checks for the purses hung up by the Anaconda Jockey Club.

Pat McElroy's Glen Arthur is all right again, having recovered from the terrible punishment which he received in the race he won in Portland. Horsemen who witnessed this race are unqualified in their praise of the gallant little iron gray colt and say that his performance was a wonderful one. His hobble cut through the skin in the first and second heats and yet the game little colt went out and won the race. He is the best colt of his age that has been seen in these parts and the predictions made in these columns last spring regarding his season's work will be verified if he is given a fair show. Chris Peterson, Dr. Hanson's prize, is quartered at Johnson's stable and looks as handsome as ever.

At the Higgins stable on Pine street are Pearl Fisher, Rosemond and Ransom Wilkes, who will go to Anaconda in the morning. Pearl Fisher is a handsome light bay mare, 8 years old, that has been purchased for the stock farm of S. E. Larabee at Deer Lodge. She will probably be bred to George Ayers, the Bay Bird, partner that surprised everybody at Portland.

Rosemond is a handsome dark bay horse that is said to be a speedy individual and is expected to make a good showing at Anaconda. Ransom Wilkes is a racy bay gelding, one of the best of them go in the events at Anaconda.

Lee Shaner has left Portland with Tom McTague's gallopers and is expected in Missoula to-morrow. It is not known whether he will unload here or go through to Anaconda.

Two of the finest colts that could be seen in many a day are the sucklings beside Rena N. and Meda West at the Higgins ranch. Both were sired by Bogeman and possess many of the points of Senator Hoffman's great horse.

Missoula horsemen are studying the programme of the Anaconda Jockey club and are figuring on possible winners. There will be a big Missoula delegation at the Copper City races and the sports will either come home flush or broke.

HE WAS ACQUITTED.

But It Was an Awful Hard Job to Find Jurors.

Missoula, July 21.—There was a little criminal case tried before Judge Ladd yesterday. The case itself was not of much importance. The accused man was acquitted of the charge of stealing a strap from a harness worth, perhaps, \$1.50. But Undersheriff Curran had most trouble in securing a jury that he would if the case had been a murder trial in the district court. He chased around all over town but he could only get jurors by dragging men bodily up into the courtroom. When the case was over, Mr. Curran met a Standard reporter and told him his tale of woe. "I called on men who are reputable citizens," said the officer, "and many of them are men who stand on corners and rant about the alleged fact that there are no square trials here, but they all begged off or else told the judge that they had formed opinions in this case, when I was sure that they had never heard a word about it. The next time I hear these men talk about the way we get jurors, I will tell them what I think of them."

AT THE OPENING.

John Dillon Will Be the First on the New Opera House Stage.

Hamilton, July 21.—John Dillon who will open the Lucas opera house in this city, is too well known to require any extended mention of his capabilities as an actor. Throughout his entire career of stage experience, Mr. Dillon has been a never-failing source of amusement to the theatergoers. Gifted with a keenly sensitive to the humorous in life, he has sought to amuse rather than to instruct, and the fact that for the past half century he has been a general favorite with theatergoers proves that he has certainly succeeded in this purpose. At no time does he resort to low comedy to provoke a smile, nor indulge in coarse stage gymnastics. Years of experience before intelligent audiences have taught him the grade of comedy most appreciated, and he has endeavored by hard work, coupled with natural ability, to reach the highest plane.

His new play, by Gus J. Heege, "Wanted, The Earth," is perhaps his greatest success in latter years.

Auction sale of seats for opening on Wednesday morning.

Hotel Guests.

Missoula, July 21.—Guests at the local hotels are:

At the Florence—Chas. Knapp, Minneapolis; H. W. Harrison, Ferry; E. Goughner, Livingston; F. E. Krause, Helena; G. F. Davies, Grandisale; Alexander King, Portland; G. H. Richmond, Chicago; S. Galland, Butte; J. R. Shaw, Butte; W. H. Hoskins, Chicago; H. G. McIntyre, wife and children, J. C. Hunter, Helena; L. N. Nolette, Detroit.

At the Rankin—George R. Irwin, Stevensville; Wallace Galloway, Ham-

BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

Missoula, July 21.—C. A. Barnes returned this evening from a business trip through Idaho.

Poundmaster Logan ran up against a snag for the first time to-day, when he tried conclusions with a band of 5,000 sheep that were pastured across the river. He couldn't run them in, but he made the herders take them out of the city.

The Salvation Army held a regular "O-be-Joyful" meeting this evening and attracted a large crowd by the violence of their demonstration. Echoes were awakened and windows rattled, but the army held together.

The Soldiers' home commission are expected here to-morrow to examine the sites offered by the local citizens. The committee should have been here this evening, but is delayed somewhere.

S. T. McLeod, St. Taylor, L. Lyon and Charles Derman spent the day in the Bitter Root valley.

The hotels and stores are crowded to-night with fish lars. The takes are fearful and wonderful.

AKANSAS SAND STORM.

It washed Paint From the Cars and Scratched the windows.

From the Kansas City Star.

"No writer could exaggerate," said Mr. Denell of the Union Pacific railroad, "the simoon which visited Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado last week. The storm began Thursday night and continued all day Friday and a part of Saturday. Clouds of sand were driven through the air by a high wind, obscuring all objects and rendering existence almost impossible for man and beast. A phenomenon not connected with the storm was that, while the wind was blowing at a rate of from 40 to 60 miles an hour north and west of Denver, in that city not enough of air was stirring to cause a flag to flutter. People in Denver would not believe that the worst sand and snow storm experienced in years was raging all about them. The weather was not cold and the storm was not attended by any electrical display. It was simply an incessant, blinding, suffocating whirlwind of sand and snow."

"The paint and varnish on cars caught out in the storm were worn from the woodwork and the car windows were scratched and ground as if by an emery wheel. One of our engines which braved the storm for several hours looked as if it had been resurrected after being buried for years. The paint and varnish were gone and it was covered with sand and slush from the pit to the tender. A man venturing into a whirlwind of sand invariably returned in a few minutes with his face bleeding from hundreds of cuts. The men employed to clear the railroad cuts of the drifts of sand and snow were unable to work more than half an hour without being relieved. I certainly never before saw anything like that sand storm and no one could conceive its terrors without having been actually in it. At Cheyenne Wells, Col., a station on the Union Pacific, 13 cars of sand were taken from the depot platform. Cuts were filled with immense drifts, which averaged about two-thirds sand and one-third snow. The bodies of two sheep herders who were overcome by the storm have been found and others are reported missing. The loss of range cattle was great."

Fighting the Fire All Day.

Chicago, July 21.—Four fire engines have been at work all day on Polk street, where stood the buildings of the National Lined Oil company and the Wright & Lawther Oil & Lead works, which burned this morning shortly after midnight. Oil that had been in the buildings was still burning brightly this afternoon. The main buildings were wholly destroyed and it was with difficulty that the firemen kept the flames from two large oil tanks in the rear of the National company's works. The loss on buildings, stock and machinery will aggregate \$400,000, nearly covered by insurance.

Killed By Cars.

Williamstown, Mass., July 21.—Four men were instantly killed while crossing the Pittsburgh railroad track about two miles from this place this afternoon. A party of six men were riding in a two-wheeled covered carriage. They were struck by a westbound express. Two of the men, Clarence Prindle and Edward White, both of Williamstown, escaped by jumping. The killed are: Oliver N. Dudgeon, Nelson Trudeau, Peter Roche and Joseph Wagon. They were all of North Adams.

Insulted by Socialists.

Brussels, July 21.—The king, with Princess Clementine, was on his way driving to open an exhibition in the suburbs of Saint Gilles to-day when a number of socialists ran after the carriage, shouting: "Down with the new school bill." Copies of a manifesto against the measure were thrown into the carriage. The men were dispersed by the police.

English Election Returns.

London, July 21.—As a result of the pollings thus far held in the general elections the unions show a net gain of 5,815, giving the government a majority of 708. The districts to be heard from during the coming week are almost entirely in the unions. The number of votes to be heard from is 189. The majority of these were represented by liberals in the last general election.

On the Death of Stambouli.

Solia, July 21.—After the funeral of ex-Premier Stambouli yesterday a crowd of socialists paraded in front of the French consulate and cheered for the attitude of the French press on the death of Stambouli. They then marched to the Austrian consulate and the intention to attack it, but the cavalry prevented this and dispersed the socialists.

Accidentally Shot.

Special Dispatch to the Standard. Billings, Mont., July 21.—This morning Ed Lincoln, a herder working for McMorris brothers, near Laurel, accidentally dropped his rifle, when it was discharged and the bullet, a 4-caliber, went through his left foot. He was brought to Billings for surgical treatment and may lose his foot.

Tunnel on Fire.

Louisville, Ky., July 21.—Tunnel No. 3 on the L. & N. road, situated between Turners and English, 45 miles east of here, caught fire last night and is still burning. It is 300 feet long and will probably have to be rebuilt.

The Weather.

Washington, D. C., July 21.—Montana: fair; cooler in southeastern portions; northerly winds.

IT WAS NOT A WHALE

Only Weighed About Three Pounds Or Less.

ALL HANDS GOT VERY DAMP

Story of a Fish That Will Not Be Classed Among the Everyday Yarns of the Ordinary Joshing Angler.

Missoula, July 21.—Gust. Moser and Ike Abernethy went fishing last week on Stoney Bluffs ranch at Victor and brought down a splendid lot of fish. Mr. Moser was enthusiastic over his day's sport, but the usually exuberant Ike has been very quiet and reticent regarding his experience. His friends have wondered at this, especially as Ike caught the biggest fish of the lot, a fine 3-pound trout, but to-day the secret leaked out. That big fish was the cause of Ike's despondency and was responsible for his depression of spirits. If it hadn't been for that fish everything would have been well. But that fish spoiled Ike's whole trip.

Ike was fishing from the bank when he hooked the big fellow and Mr. Moser was wading in the creek below him. Suddenly the quiet wading, which in the neighborhood of Victor was disturbed by one of Ike's unearthly yells, echoed from the Curlew mine up into the canyon and the ranchmen who live along the foothills were reminded of the days of the Nez Perce war. Moser was so startled that he jumped backward and filled his boots with water. Then he looked at Ike and saw what was the matter. His reel was whizzing as if the end of it was attached to a locomotive and he was executing a war dance on the bank, emitting at regular intervals yells that would make an Indian ashamed of himself.

"Play him, you fool," was Mr. Moser's first remark, and like at once recovered his mental equilibrium and proceeded to handle the fish as he ought. Everything went well until he had worked the fish close to the shore. Then the trout's fierce struggle so disconcerted the fisherman that he dropped his pole and jumped into the water after the fish. He was fortunate enough to get hold of the big fellow at the first grab he made and then began a Gracioso-Romano struggle between Ike and the fish. Ike got mixed up in his line and broke his rod so that he could not use it any more, but he hung on to the fish and rolled over and over in the shallow water. Rod and line were a miserable wreck when Ike finally landed his prize. His clothes were wet and torn, but he had the fish. When he saw the trout in the water, he thought it weighed seven pounds, and when he placed it on the scales he was disgusted to find that it weighed only three pounds. He wrung out his trousers and Mr. Moser poured the water out of his boots and the fishing expedition was ended.

FOR THE GIRL WHO CAMPS OUT

She is Preparing for Tenting by Selecting Sensible Belongings.

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The thoroughly up-to-date girl will camp out this season during some part of the summer. Perhaps she will spend a whole month in the mountains with a party of fellow campers or maybe she will go on from the hotel where she is passing the summer and will spend one delightful week under tents amid pine woods and will catch trout for breakfast in the patterning brooks near the camping ground.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons why she wants to camp this summer is because a certain swell tailor has made up some of the most stunning hunting suits ever seen outside of a picture. They are of tan and brown and hunter's green cloth with leather trimmings and a belt provided with the dearest little holster for a revolver and a pocket for cartridges as well. There are long boots that form a safe covering for the lower limbs and the short skirt is worn over knickerbockers that my lady has grown accustomed to on her wheel.

Then there is also a fetching little "billy cock" hat in the side of it and gauntlet gloves that complete the costume.

The girl who will camp out is to have one of these suits in her outfit, and if she has it made to order by the tailor in question she will be quite as much as her swellest dancing frock.

With some of the young women who are preparing for a "camping" holiday this dress will be the most important part of her outfit. By fastening the buttons of the skirt with a string of stopping at a big hotel where the proprietor has trained deer who come up to the hotel piazza and make the guests think that they are really in the wild and woolly world of the woods and sigh for the seaside and the summer man. The genuine camping enthusiast is frequently unprovided with any costumes but a few of her old half-worn winter dresses which will prove comfortable during the chilly days among the mountains. Of course she will have shirt waists and stout shoes for climbing and walking as well as leather bicycle leggings to protect the limbs from brambles and briars. She will leave home in a neat traveling outfit which, when she reaches her destination, will be carefully packed for the return trip. Then she will be ready for her happy life of Robin Hood.

Curling irons will be packed with the modish city dress and the happy camper will prepare to wear her old clothes and be happy.

The average camping party hires a tent, cooking utensils and a guide at the mountain retreat nearest to the spot chosen for their camping ground. But the old and experienced camper some time takes along his entire outfit which can be packed and sent by express from the city.

The women camper who is perhaps going on her first trip of the kind is in a quandary as to what she shall bring. I looked through the trunk of a little woman who is going to spend the month of August with a party in the Adirondacks. She is an energetic little artist and the trip is exactly what she has been wishing for. Still she is fond of the comforts of life and she has prepared for her mountain trip with a lot of things easily packed and of undiminishable use.

First there is a rubber blanket which will be spread upon the floor of the tent and then some steamer trunks or army blankets for cold nights under the canvas. Two or three rubber pillows which can be inflated with air form part of the luxurious divan which will occupy the corner of the tent. A divan will be her bed at night, a folding cot being under the foundation of the couch. A steamer chair is also to

be carried along, and a chaffing dish and an alcohol lamp for rainy days when the gypsy fire will not burn brightly enough to make a cup of tea. A small medicine chest and a folding writing portfolio and sewing basket are among the outfit, and the traveling bag is provided with all the feminine luxuries of the toilet. My lady does not intend to face the sun and heats of camp life without her beloved creams and salves to fall back upon. This little artist friend of mine has packed a lot of gay chintz among her belongings. She intends to drape it about on the inside of her tent and form little cupboards with it behind which she can hang her wardrobe, which is limited to a couple of outing dresses, a soft felt hat for roughing it and a pair of stout soled shoes and leggings. A fishing rod and a rifle are also among the traps and a hammock which will swing beneath trees for her on warm evenings when tired with the day's sport; she will close her eyes and sniffing the fragrant odor of the trees will imagine herself the heroine of one of Fenimore Cooper's romances.

She has brought along her bicycle suit for climbing expeditions and rubber boots for swamp wandering tramps. She has a lot of canvas brushes, sketching paper and paints, which will be among the necessary parts of her goods and chattels, for she purposes to bring back a lot of sketches and studies which she will work up during the coming winter in town.

Taken all in all the camping girl will have the best of it this summer. There will be no big dressmakers' bills for her to pay and no dressing up in purple and fine linen for the benefit of the gaudy crowd. She intends to have lots of fun cooking over camp fires and fishing and will bring back a store of health with her in the autumn worth untold wealth.

KATE MASTERSON.

GAMBLER WON \$2,250,000.

How a Young Clergyman Lost That Amount to an American.

His name and title are T. Jenks, S. G. His right to a title are not due to his efforts as a statesman or a diplomat, nor as a soldier or a sailor, but to his success as a gambler. Therefore, he is T. Jenks, S. G., otherwise, Thomas Jenks, Successful Gambler. That the confidence of the goddess was well placed is clearly shown by Jenks' record. He first tackled the west men of the red shirt, gun and bowie knife variety and beat them at games of chance for many thousands of dollars. Then he journeyed to London and Paris and showed the dress-suit and high-tailed swell of clubland in those cities what a fair and successful American gambler could do, and his perseverance finally brought to him the title of "successful gambler," without qualification. In Paris he was proprietor of a club where ferocious haccarat was dealt. In his club the banker did not change as the results of his, Jenks was always banker, and he banked so well that each of the three years that he conducted the club yielded him a fortune.

In his apartment in London on one occasion he received a young clergyman. "Some friends and myself," said the reverend caller without embarrassment, "have evolved what we are positive is a perfect system, by the operation of which we can win enormous sums at Monte Carlo. We have raised \$2,500,000, and we want \$50,000 more. I have been deputed to ask you to furnish the \$50,000, and share the winnings with us. I will, of course, reveal to you the system on your assent to join us."

Jenks, then a successful gambler of the thirty-third degree, received the proposition gravely. "Come to my apartments to-morrow," he said. The young clergyman was there the next day. "I propose to submit a counter proposition to you," said Jenks. "I will furnish the \$250,000 provided you will play against me in London. By this arrangement you will save the expense of the journey to Monte Carlo, which for gentlemen of the tastes of the members of your party will be material. I will give you proof that I am as solvent, if not more so, than the Monte Carlo corporation, and I will afford you the same facilities that you would receive were you no outsider."

The young clergyman consulted his associates, and the accepted Jenks' proposition. Handsome apartments were prepared and the trial of the perfected system was begun. It ended after two days' and two nights' play. The system was not perfect. Jenks had the \$250,000. "When you improve the system," he said to the young clergyman, "I will again be at your service on the same terms."—New York World.

ROMANCE OF ALASKA.

Count De Lancelotti and His Daughter, Who Are Heirs to Large Russian Estates, Are From the New York Sun.

Juneau, Alaska, has a Russian romance, or what it fully expects will develop into a romance, and it is almost as interesting a subject for discussion as the new gold fields. When Count De Lancelotti, a young Russian, visited Juneau eight years ago he was 22 years old, and he followed the example of other visitors before him. He took an Alaskan maiden as his housekeeper. She was attractive in feature and affectionate in disposition. A girl named Lucy was born to them, and the young count was devoted to her. He was satisfied with his housekeeper and very fond of his little daughter. He decided to remain in Alaska and enjoy his new possessions. The count conceived the idea of building a castle on Point Lookout, overlooking the town, and set men at work felling trees and building the foundation. A cyclone came along and blew the workmen and the lumber off Point Lookout and the count changed his plans. He bought a lot of land in the plateau valley below and set a gang of men at work clearing it. After he had spent several thousand dollars in this preliminary work his father ordered him to return to Russia. Before leaving he decided over ten lots in Juneau, three lots in Douglas city and a cannery site at Cape Fanshaw to his daughter Lucy. The count said good-bye to his Alaskan family, and left his daughter in the care of Frank Starr of Juneau. Since the count's return to Russia his father has died, and he is now in possession of large estates. Frank Starr is now in correspondence with him and he believes the count will provide generous for his daughter. So it is among the possibilities that his wife in time may become an heiress and a young woman of some importance in Russia as well as in Alaska.

Passing Away.

The white rhinoceros has become nearly, if not quite, extinct. There are two stuffed specimens in England and one in the Cape Town museum.

Appeals to the Public.

In London there is a street collection for one benevolent institution or another on almost every Saturday in the year.

Subscribe for the Standard.

LUCAS OPERA HOUSE

Hamilton, Mont., G. N. Hartley Mgr.

GRAND OPENING

Monday, July 29.

John Dillon

IN THE NEW COMEDY

Wanted, The Earth

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Auction sale of seats at Wright & Hagerman's store, Wednesday, 10 a. m.

Bitter Root Valley

Farms FOR Sale

\$500 100 acres, improved, 1 mile to depot and postoffice.
\$1,000 100 acres, good soil of buildings, 1 mile to postoffice, school and depot.

\$800 100 acres, good water right, 30 acres under fence, 5 miles to county seat.
\$1,200 100 acres, all fenced, good water right, near school.
\$1,500 100 acres, all fenced, 3 miles to postoffice and town, 1/4 mile to school, young orchard.

\$7,500 160 acres, well improved, 1/4 mile to school, postoffice and depot, bearing orchard.

Write for what you want and about the amount you will invest, and I will send you a complete description. Will go with you to any of these properties.

GEO. F. BROOKS,

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS,

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What Nerve Berries

have done for others they will do for you.

VIGOR

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A positive cure for all Weaknesses, Nervousness, Irritability, Loss of Sleep, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Bilestones, Bad Complexion, Premature, Effluvia, Dropsy, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

These symptoms indicate a general debility, which leads to consumption and insanity. Their use shows immediate improvement. First, on having the genuine NERVE BERRIES, they will cure you in 10 days. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes, one full treatment, \$5.00. Guaranteed to cure any case. If not kept by our druggists we will send them by mail, upon receipt of price, in plain wrapper. Pamphlet free. Sent by mail, in plain wrapper. Address: THE R. I. P. A. N. S. CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

For Sale in Anaconda by the Smith Drug Co. and in Butte by E. E. Galloway & Co.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

TABULES

REGULATE THE

STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS

AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

R. I. P. A. N. S. TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Bilestones, Bad Complexion, Premature, Effluvia, Dropsy, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

R. I. P. A. N. S. contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effective, and give immediate relief. Price—50 cents per box. One full treatment, \$5.00. Guaranteed to cure any case. If not kept by our druggists we will send them by mail, upon receipt of price, in plain wrapper. Pamphlet free. Sent by mail, in plain wrapper. Address: THE R. I. P. A. N. S. CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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